

CIRCULATION
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5,405

The Daily Courier

CITY EDITION.

ADVERTISING
In The Daily Courier
Invariably Brings
THE RESULTS

VOL. 5, NO. 220. EIGHT PAGES.

CONNELLVILLE, PA., MONDAY EVENING, JULY 23, 1907.

PRICE, ONE CENT.

GOING AFTER COKE FIRMS FOR BREAKING THE SABBATH.

Representatives of the Fayette County Association Pay a Visit to Klondyke Country Yesterday.

THEY FOUND MEN WORKING

Mason town Church Congregations Passed Resolution Yesterday Protesting Against the Wholesale Employment of Workmen on Sundays.

UNIONTOWN, July 23.—The Sabbath Observance movement, which was started here some months ago, is spreading to the coke works. Yesterday a special representative of the Sabbath Observance Association of Fayette county went into the Klondyke to conduct an investigation and returned with lots of news for his organization. There are now fields to conquer, the Sabbath Observance people believe.

At Roanoke the representative found at least 275 men at work, laying track, grading, building ovens and performing other laborious tasks, while the same situation existed at Bessemer No. 1.

It is the purpose of the Association to seek heart to heart talks with the Superintendents of all plants in the region for the purpose of eliminating as much Sunday work as possible. This will be done in an entirely friendly way. If nothing is accomplished by these means, the law will be resorted to. In Mason town yesterday morning both the Methodist and Presbyterian congregations passed resolutions protesting against Sunday desecration, especially around the coke works. Mason town is a tight town. Recently the Town Council of that borough passed an ordinance raising the fine for Sunday selling from \$5 to \$10, and the law has been vigorously enforced.

THE SOCIAL UNION.

Baptist Church Organization Meets on Thursday Evening.

The regular monthly meeting of the Social Union of the First Baptist Church will be held Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Sherrick, No. 220 East Fairview avenue. The program committee has arranged an evening with Whittier. Papers will be read and selections given from the Quaker poet. There will also be a musical program. All members of the church and congregation are invited to be present.

DIED OF INJURIES.

Foreigner Struck at Lemoat Expires at the Hospital.

Andy Filaski, of Lemoat, who was struck Friday night by a B. & O. train, died yesterday morning at the Cottage State Hospital as the result of his injuries. He remained unconscious until he died. His left leg was broken and he suffered concussion of the brain.

Decensed was 40 years old and married. He was employed by the H. C. Fryck Coke Company at Lemoat.

COME UP SOON.

Suits Against C. D. Peterson and Others Next Term.

UNIONTOWN, July 23.—The suits of Geo. W. Buttermore and Clark W. Buttermore against C. D. Peterson and others will come up at the next term of court.

This morning Geo. W. Buttermore, acting as administrator in Clark W. Buttermore's estate, had his name entered as plaintiff in the plaintiff's behalf.

GIRLS ARRESTED.

Foreigners Alleged to Have Swiped \$22 from Pocketbook.

UNIONTOWN, July 23.—At Leith this morning Constable Andy Boyer arrested Annie Kabernish, Mary Rosbunt and Annie Skinner, three foreign girls charged with larceny. It is alleged that they extorted \$22 from a pocketbook which Driver Aaron Crawford inadvertently left on a bench for a few unguarded moments.

Oklahoma Prepares for Taft.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla., July 23.—(Special.)—The Republicans of Oklahoma are making elaborate preparations for the reception of Secretary of War Taft, who is to visit this city next month to deliver the opening address in the Republican State campaign.

Trolley Extension Opened. The Brownsville extension of the West Penn Railways is open for traffic as far as Bullington. They ran their first car over it Sunday.

OPERATION PERFORMED

On Harry Boyd, Who Has Been Ill of Typhoid Fever.

Harry Boyd, who has been ill of typhoid fever at his home on Eighth street, Greenwood, for the past week, underwent a very serious operation yesterday afternoon. The operation was performed at his home by Dr. E. E. Edie and Dr. T. H. White. He is still in a critical condition. Mrs. Boyd and little daughter are also ill, the latter having the fever.

ORPHANS' COURT

Adjustment Made by Judge Work in Estate of Levi Leonard of Brownsville—Other Notes.

UNIONTOWN, July 23.—At a session of Orphans' Court this morning before Judge J. C. Work the administrator's commission in the estate of the late Levi Leonard of Brownsville was reduced from \$1,500 to \$1,400. This is in consequence to an exception filed to the first and partial account of Lena Leonard, the administrator, by A. C. Leonard. Several bills were also allowed by the court.

The Fayette Title & Trust Company of Uniontown was made guardian of John, Anne and Mary Misco, minor children of the late Mike Misco, of Dunbar.

Attorney L. A. Howard has been granted the right to sell certain property in Upper Tyrone township as guardian of Teosil Janta and others.

The sale of several lots in Connellsville borough and township by J. V. Thompson, guardian of John T. and Frederick A. Hogg, sons of the late William Hogg of Uniontown, were approved. The sales were: One lot to D. A. Mitchell, \$1,000; property to James B. Hogg, \$1,000, and lot to the regular Baptist church, \$350.

SHERIFF'S RAID.

In the Klondyke Country Saturday Night Did Good and Kept Down Crime.

UNIONTOWN, July 23.—The raid of Sheriff Kiefer and County Detective McBeth on Saturday did lots of good in the Klondyke. When the news was spread from works to works of their presence, there was a scattering of the unruly ones who evade the law whenever possible. The officers made a rather important arrest at Republic works, where Jessie Mason was found. At the last term of court Jessie was told to leave the county and she promised never to return. She is now in jail waiting for the court to settle her case.

Mrs. Minnie Dale and Maud Hawkins were arrested in Brownsville as suspicious characters. One of them carried a grip in which was found four quarts of whisky and other ingredients which go with "having a good time." They were sent to jail for 30 days by Squire Ross.

MISSING MAN.

Atlantic City Woman Writes Inquiry of William Robinson, Supposed to Have Died Here.

Deputy Coroner J. E. Sims has received a communication from Mrs. Clara W. Robinson of Atlantic City, who makes inquiry after one William Robinson, who is supposed to have expired as a consequence of being overcome by the heat somewhere in the coke region. Robinson was 50 years old and had one hand off. He was addicted to drink, the letter says, but has a lot in Oakmont Cemetery and sufficient money to guarantee a respectable burial.

Robinson had not been living with his family. His hand was shot off about a year ago. Mr. Sims has no recollection of such a man dying in this vicinity and has had no correspondence with him since he was supposed to have died some weeks ago.

Alleged Coal Land Conspiracy.

Mt. VAUGHN, Wis., July 23.—(Special.)—Hearings was resumed before United States Commissioner Bloodgood today in the case of Guy D. Goff and six other prominent Milwaukee men indicted by the Federal Grand Jury of Colorado in connection with the alleged Colorado coal land conspiracy case.



Mr. Oppressive Trusts—Ah! Mr. Texas, I'm getting to see your point of view exactly. The New Laws recently enacted in Texas against the Trusts will be rigidly enforced—R. C. Brown.

COMMERCIAL LAW LEAGUE.

Eight Hundred Members Will Meet at Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich., July 23.—(Special.)—It is expected that 800 members of the Commercial Law League of America will be in attendance at the annual meeting of that organization, which meets in Detroit this week.

The League now has a membership of 1,000 and includes many of the prominent members of the country. Tonight the officers and Executive Committee are to be entertained at an informal reception. The business sessions will be continued until Friday.

BIG EXCURSIONS

Were Run Over the B. & O. from Here to Chiopyle, Pittsburg and Cumberland.

The Baltimore and Ohio had a good day of it yesterday in the excursion business. The trains to Pittsburg, Cumberland and Chiopyle were all well filled. The day was ideal for an outing and hundreds of people took advantage of the opportunity for a stroll in shady lanes or parks of the city.

The crowd to Chiopyle was probably the largest one that has gone to the pretty mountain resort this summer. Quite a number went up from here. Among those there yesterday were: Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Snyder and Miss Jean Snyder of town; Col. J. B. Steen of Pittsburg; Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. J. McFarland, Miss Carrie Bixler, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Connett and Miss Annaida Butler of town; W. H. Schlick of Wilkes-Barre and A. L. Porter of Scituate; R. W. Singer and H. O. Maple; Ernest Koeber and John Moore of Connellsville.

BIG DAMAGES.

Are Asked Against Sterling Coal & Coke Company for Death of a Miner Last March.

UNIONTOWN, July 23.—Three suits have been filed against the Sterling Coal & Coke Company of Mason town aggregating \$65,000 for the death of Emil Meyer, who was killed by falling down the Sterling Company's shaft on March 5. The papers were prepared by Attorneys Howard & Peterson in behalf of Maria Meyer, the widow, and her two infant children. The company is charged with negligence in construction and failure to have a topman at the top of the pit.

Krepps Back in Hospital.

Milton Krepps, who was stabbed sometime ago by John Holt, was readmitted to the Cottage State hospital yesterday for treatment of an abscess resulting from the wound.

THIS PRISONER WAS IMPERTINENT.

Says People of Philadelphia Will Have to Keep Him When He Gets There.

WOULDN'T CUT THE GRASS.

Now Being Held While Burgess Looks for a Card for Him—Other Victims Given Hearings in Police Court Yesterday Morning—But Few In.

One of the most independent and impertinent prisoners who ever appeared before Burgess Solson is Carl Lewis, a Philadelphian, who was picked up for trespassing early Sunday morning by Officer Bayless. Lewis had some opinions that he didn't mind expressing. He is headed for Philadelphia, but he says he doesn't intend to work when he gets there.

"I don't intend to do anything when I get back to Philadelphia. The people down there will have to keep me," he almost shouted.

"How would you like to cut the grass around the City Hall," inquired the Burgess.

"If you want the grass cut, get someone to do it for you. I won't." Lewis was head and the Burgess is now looking for a good strong man whom he can arm with a double barrel shot gun and a stout club as a persuasive power to keep Lewis from running away when an effort is made to have him push the lawn mower.

J. W. Shuford of Meadow Lane was held after being arrested on charges of disorderly conduct proffered by Officer Gibson, a boarding house keeper. Shuford denies the allegation and is in the coop awaiting a statement from the officers who arrested him. Several drunks were given the usual sentence.

MOLDERS' STATEMENT.

Say They Have Made No Threats and Want Eight Hour Day.

"The local Iron Molders' Union asks us to deny that they have made any threats against anybody, that their demand is for a scale for apprentices, or that they ask an eight hour day. They say their demand is for a scale for the molders and comenizers and a recognition of the union."

Will Sew Tomorrow.

The Women's Sewing Circle of the First Baptist Church will meet Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the church on South Pittsburg street. All members are requested to be present.

RIFLE COMPETITION.

Best Marksmen in United States at Fort Niagara.

FORT NIAGARA, N. Y., July 23.—(Special.)—Many of the best marksmen in the United States Army are gathered here for the Atlantic Rifle and Pistol Competitions, which began today and will continue for several weeks.

The competitions include the departments of the East and of the Gulf and the army of Cuban pacification. The entry of a team of officers and men of the Porto Rican regiment has excited general interest.

PRICE TOO HIGH

So There Were Very Few Roasting Ears Cooked for Sunday Dinners in Town.

A pretty fight was on last week and is yet, for that matter, between the grocers of town and a wholesale firm. Roasting ears, that summer delicacy of the native variety, was the cause of the struggle. The retailers have manifested their independence, and for this reason there are but few ears of corn in the market.

But one wholesale firm was fortunate enough last week to have a supply of green corn, and the price charged to grocers for this product was 25 cents per dozen ears. As the retailers cannot dispose of them above this figure, they refused to get in a supply.

It is said that any number of people bought their corn direct from the wholesaler. The retailers are still at outs over the price and refuse to pay 25 cents a dozen for corn.

Fresh vegetables of all kinds have been unusually high this summer throughout this section. The weather is an excuse given for this condition of affairs. There seems to be a scarcity to supply the demand, however, and practically no scarcity of vegetables is known to exist.

NO RACE SUICIDE.

Saltlick Township Recently Recorded the Arrival of Three Sets of Twins.

There is no race suicide among the people of Saltlick township. Recently the population has increased at a rapid rate. A fine pair of twins came into the family of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dumbauld a short time ago, and are making themselves at home with a vengeance. They were followed by a pair of boys who arrived together at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Kulp. They are lusty chaps.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Neville are the third couple in Saltlick blessed with twins, both boys, who cannot be beaten in the county for weight and health for their age.

TENTH REGIMENT'S REUNION AT MT. PLEASANT WEDNESDAY.

Seventh Annual Gathering of the Fighting Command on Anniversary of Battle of Malate.

TEACHERS ELECTED.

Saltlick Township Board Chose Corps for Next Term.

INDIAN BLADE, July 23.—The School Directors have elected the following teachers: Center, Ralph Seyler; Metellan, Kate Bingham; Franklin, S. E. Solomon; Beck Creek, David C. Miller; Longwood, John A. Adams; Washington, John H. Craig; Keshar, Warden Behr; Buchanan, A. R. Adams; Trout Run, Joseph P. Adams; Clinton, William Fletcher.

KILLED COPPERHEAD.

Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Risk Meet Serpent Along Road to Cucumber Falls Near Chiopyle.

CHIOPYLE, July 23.—A serpent entered the latter day Garden of Eden Saturday and threatened to bite Mrs. J. B. Risk, wife of Rev. Risk of Altoona. The meeting occurred along the pretty stretch of road towards Cucumber Falls, and serpent being of the copperhead species, about three feet in length. Rev. Risk was with his wife at the time and the reptile was despatched with a strenuous fight and left to lie the road. The rubber version of the first serpent is today the copperhead, but no more to be feared. Rev. Risk made for him. There was a sharp fight lasting several minutes, but a new well directed blow, reached in the subject's untimely demise.

Rev. and Mrs. Risk were stopping several days at the hotel. It was the first time during their many wanderings and a well known encounter. No one about the hotel saw the victim, but took the news and gentleman's word for its length. Some humor of the vicinity could be seen and took it home for a souvenir.

Rev. Risk was formerly pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church here.

AFTER COPPER.

Dunbar Officer Is Charged With Embezzlement by Italian and War-rant Out for Him.

Officer George Stull of Dunbar is charged with embezzlement by A. Manzo, an Italian who is represented by Antonio Bufano. It is alleged that Stull appropriated \$100 forfeit money which was turned over to him. Manzo and another Italian, Jim Shumaker, were arrested in Dunbar on July 2. They each lost forfeits of \$10. At a subsequent hearing the fine and costs for both men amounted to \$10. It is alleged that Stull refused to return the other \$10 to Manzo.

Information against him was made before Judge W. P. Clark this morning and Constable Joseph Crossland left about noon to serve the warrant.

HELD THE CLUB.

Messrs. Marietta and Stillwagon Offer Grandstand Receipts This Week to Club.

Rockwell Marietta and C. J. Stillwagon, owners of the local baseball park, have come to the front with aid for the Connellsville team which has been peevishly near the financial straits of late, came to the front this morning and offered the association the receipts from the grandstand this week.

As several games will be played at home this week, the receipts derived in this manner will be of great assistance. With good weather the attendance should be unusually good.

SLIGO ROW.

Colored Folks Mix It Up and Whole Trouble Is Alred Before Squire.

David Madden, colored, was given a hearing before Squire Frank Miller this morning on charges of carrying concealed weapons and attempted shooting, proffered by John Daniel also colored. The trouble occurred in Sligo row Saturday night. Madden was held for court by Squire Miller but the case may be compromised. A big crowd attended the hearing.

Neon Weather Bulletin. Fair tonight and Tuesday is the noon weather bulletin.

PLAN ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT

By the People of Mt. Pleasant for Philippine Veterans—Company D Under Capt. H. A. Crow Expects to Turn Out in Good Style.

Mt. Pleasant is looking forward to a big time next Wednesday when the Veterans Association of the Tenth Pennsylvania Infantry, U. S. A., will be held. The pretty little town among the Woodmont Hills is ready to do itself proud for the boys of the "Fighting Tenth," who served with so much distinction in the Philippines during the Spanish American War and the Philippine Insurrection. Members of the Old Tenth will be on hand from all five of the counties from which it was raised. Fayette, Westmoreland, Washington, Greene and Beaver counties will have its representatives on hand.

Connellsville will be well represented. Captain H. A. Crow, who commanded Company D in the late war, is President of the Association. Arrangements have been made for a special car to leave here Wednesday morning, carrying members of the Association to the scene of the reunion. Accompanying Company D members will go the old Cliff Marial Band, which will furnish music for the occasion. Other bands will be present.

Mr. Pleasant is a great town for reunions. Those attending always have a good time, for the townspeople turn out in force and with unexpressed hospitality. The reunion will be marked with many pleasant instances; of that one may be sure.

The Tenth Veterans' Association, as it is best known, has its headquarters in Pittsburg. The officers are as follows: President, H. A. Crow, Connellsville; First Vice President, J. Thompson, Mt. Pleasant; Second Vice President, P. N. Rees, Conansburg; Recording Secretary, W. S. Juddock, Pittsburg; Corresponding Secretary, A. H. Henderson, Pittsburg; Treasurer, R. G. Woodside, Pittsburg; Historian, A. W. Powell, Pittsburg.

MISS DESSA M. HUEY.

Died This Morning at Her Home on Limestone Hill.

Miss Dessa Maud Huey, aged 17 years, died this morning at 8 o'clock at her late residence on Limestone Hill after a lingering illness. Death was due to a complication of diseases. Notice of funeral later.

The deceased was the daughter of William H. and Isabel Huey, and was born on Limestone Hill, Dunbar township. She resided there up until the time of her death. She survived by the parents, three brothers and two sisters, Mrs. Flora Morgan of Vanderbolt, Hamletta, Norman, John and Charles Huey, all of Limestone Hill.

GEORGE SCOTT CRAWSHAW.

Little Son of Dr. and Mrs. O. G. Crawshaw of Pittsburg.

George Scott Crawshaw, aged 3 years, 9 months and 9 days, son of Dr. and Mrs. O. G. Crawshaw of the South Side, Pittsburg, died Saturday morning at 9 o'clock at the home of his grandparents, Dr. J. M. Scott, at Saxony station, West Penn railroad.

The funeral took place this morning at 10:30 o'clock at Dr. Scott's residence, interment at Saver's cemetery.

MRS. LEIGHTY'S FUNERAL.

It Was Held from Sister's House Sunday Afternoon.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Mary Leighty of Cleveland, O., took place yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the home of her sister, Mrs. C. M. Stoner, on Sixth street, New Haven.

Rev. E. B. Burgess, pastor of the Trinity Lutheran Church, officiated, interment in Chestnut Hill Cemetery.

Death of Child.

Edna Martin, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noah Martin died yesterday at her late residence at Breakneck. Aged 3 years 8 months and 8 days. Funeral tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. Huey officiating, interment in the Mt. Olive cemetery.

Halsey on Trial.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 23.—(Special.)—Theodore Halsey, special agent of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company, who is charged with bribing the supervisors, was arraigned to trial today.

LOST A CLOSE GAME.

Clarksburg Took Contest Yesterday Afternoon in the Ninth Inning.

WELSH'S PITCHING WAS GOOD.

Errors at Critical Stages Helped Clarksburg Along—Locals Play Four Games at Home This Week and One at Scottsdale.

Connellsville lost a close game to Clarksburg yesterday afternoon at Clarksburg before a Sunday crowd of 500. The West Virginians duplicated Connellsville's trick of Saturday and took the game in the ninth inning. Two men were out when the winning run was scored. Connellsville played nice ball but could not get on in critical stages put Welsh in a hole. The big boy pitched a fine game, letting Clarksburg down with six singles in the sixth inning. Welsh collided with Wilkerson at the plate, and the Clarksburg man sustained a bad gash on the nose.

Today Connellsville moves on to Fairmont and come home for one with Scottsdale here tomorrow. The next day Connellsville goes to Scottsdale and back here on Thursday. Friday and Saturday Kittanning make their first appearance here in two games.

first appearance here at two places						
The Score	R	H	P	A	E	
Clarksburg	0	0	0	1	0	
Shannon	1	1	1	0	0	
Laurel	0	0	4	1	0	
McIntosh	1	1	1	1	0	
Clark	0	1	4	0	0	
Wickens	0	0	3	0	0	
Gibson	0	1	2	0	0	
Bevan	0	2	0	1	0	
McIntosh	1	0	0	1	0	
Lower	0	0	0	0	0	

Fine Job Work of all kind at this office

The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst Box," Etc.

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"I see, I understand. He must be alone himself all alone; then, the natural man may appear. I thank you, Inspector. That idea is of inestimable value to me, and I shall act on it. I do not say immediately; not on the first day, and possibly not on the second, but as soon as opportunity offers for my doing what I have planned with any chance of success. And now, advise me how to circumvent my uncle and aunt, who must never know to what undertaking I have committed myself."

Inspector Dulzell spared me another fifteen minutes, and this last detail was arranged. Then he rose to go. As he turned from me he said:

"Tomorrow?"

And I answered with a full heart, but a voice clear as my purpose:

"Tomorrow."

CHAPTER XII.

"THIS is your patient. Your new nurse, my dear. What did you say your name is? Miss Ayers?"

"Yes, Mr. Grey, Alice Ayers."

"Oh, what a sweet name!"

This expressive greeting, from the patient herself, was the first thing I received, a thing which brought a flush into my cheek which I would fain have kept down.

"Since a change of nurses was necessary I am glad they sent me one like you," the feeble but musical voice went on, and I saw a wasted but eager hand stretched out.

In a whirl of strong feeling I advanced to take it. I had not counted on such a reception. I had not expected any bond of congeniality to spring up between this high feeling English girl and myself to make my purpose hateful to me. Yet as I stood there looking down at her bright, if wasted, face I felt that it would be very easy to love so gentle and cordial a being and dread and misgiving my eyes to look at her side lest I should see something in him to hamper me and make this attempt, which I had undertaken to such loyalty of spirit, a misery to myself and ineffectual to the man I had hoped to save by it. When I did look up and catch the first beams of Mr. Grey's keen blue eyes fixed inquiringly on me, I neither knew what to think nor how to act. He was tall and firmly built and had an intellectual air about him. I was conscious of regarding him with a decided feeling of awe and found myself forgetting why I had come there and what my suspicions were, suspicions which had carried hope with them, hope for my-

self and hope for my lover, who would never escape the opportunity, even if he did the punishment, of this great crime, were this, the only other person who could possibly be associated with it, found to be the fine, clear souled man he appeared to be in this my first interview with him.

Perceiving very soon that his apprehensions in my regard were limited to a fear lest I should not feel at ease in my new home under the restraint of a presence more accustomed to intimate than attract strangers, I threw aside all doubts of myself and met the advances of both father and daughter with that quiet confidence which my position there demanded.

The result both gratified and relieved me. As a nurse catering on her first case I was happy. As a woman with an ulterior object in view verging on the audacious and unrespectable, I was wretched and regretful and just a little shaken in the conviction which had hitherto upheld me.

I was therefore but poorly prepared to meet the ordeal which awaited me, when, a little later in the day, Mr. Grey called me into the adjoining room and, after saying that it would afford him great relief to go out for an hour or so, asked if I were afraid to be left alone with my patient.

"Oh, no, sir," I began, but stopped in secret dismay. I was afraid, but not on account of her condition—rather on account of my own. What if I should be led into betraying my feelings on finding myself under no other care than her own? What if the temptation to probe her poor sick mind should prove stronger than my duty toward her as a nurse?

My tones were hesitating, but Mr. Grey paid little heed. His mind was too fixed on what he wished to say himself.

"Before I go," said he, "I have a request to make. I may as well say a caution to give you. Do not, I pray, either now or at any future time, carry or allow any one else to carry news-

papers into Miss Grey's room. They are just now too alarming. There has been, as you know, a dreadful murder in this city. If she caught one glimpse of the headlines or saw so much as the name of Fairbrother—which is a name she knows, the result might be very harmful to her. She is not only extremely sensitive from illness, but from temperament. Will you be careful?"

"I shall be careful."

It was such an effort for me to say these words, to say anything in the state of mind into which I had been thrown by his unexpected attention to this subject, that I unfortunately drew his attention to myself, and it was with what I felt to be a glance of doubt that he added with decided emphasis:

"You must consider this whole subject as a forbidden one in this family. Only cheerful topics are suitable for the sickroom. If Miss Grey attempts to introduce any other, stop her. Do not let her talk about anything which will not be conducive to her speedy recovery. These are the only instructions I have to give you. All others must come from her physician."

I made some reply with as little show of emotion as possible. It seemed to satisfy him, for his face cleared as he kindly observed:

"You have a very trustworthy look for one so young. I shall rest easy while you are with her, and I shall expect you to be always with her when I am not—every moment, mind. She is never to be left alone with gossiping servants. If a word is mentioned in her hearing about this crime, which seems to be in everybody's mouth, I shall feel forced, greatly as I should regret the fact, to blame you."

This was a heart strain, but I kept up bravely, changing color perhaps, but not to such a marked degree as to arouse any deeper suspicion in his mind than that I had been wounded in my amour propre.

"She shall be well guarded," said I. "You may trust me to keep from her all avoidable knowledge of this crime."

He bowed, and I was about to leave his presence when he detained me by remarking, with the air of one who felt that some explanation was necessary:

"It was at the ball where this crime took place. Naturally it has made a deep impression on me and would on her if she heard of it."

"Assuredly," I murmured, wondering if he would say more and how I should have the courage to stand there and listen if he did.

"It is the first time I have ever come in contact with crime," he went on with what in one of his reserved nature seemed a hardly natural insistence. "I could well have spared the experience. A tragedy with which one has been even thus remotely connected produces a lasting effect upon the mind."

"Oh, yes; oh, yes!" I murmured, edging involuntarily toward the door. Did I not know? Had I not been there, too—little I, whom he stood gazing down upon from such a height, little I, realizing the fatality which united us, and what was even a more overwhelming thought to me at the moment, the fact that of all persons in the world the shrinking little being into whose eyes he was then looking was perhaps his greatest enemy and the one person, great or small, from whom he had the most to fear?

But I was no enemy to his gentle daughter and the relief I felt at finding myself thus cut off by my own promise from even the remotest communication with her on this forbidden subject was genuine and sincere.

But the father? What was I to think of the father? Alas! I could have but one thought, admirable as he appeared in all lights save the one in which his too evident connection with this crime had placed him. I spent the hours of the afternoon in alternately watching the sleeping face of my patient, too sweetly calm in its repose, or, it seemed, for the mind beneath to harbor such doubts as were shown in the warning I had ascribed to her, and vain efforts to explain by any other hypothesis than that of guilt, the extraordinary evidence which linked this man of great affairs and the loftiest repute to a crime involving both theft and murder.

Nor did the struggle end that night. It was renewed with still greater poignancy the next day, as I witnessed the glances which from time to time passed between this father and daughter, glances full of doubt and question on both sides, but not exactly such doubt or such question as my suspicions called for. Or so I thought, and spent another day or two hesitating very much over my duty, when, coming unexpectedly upon Mr. Grey one evening, I felt all my doubts revive in view of the extraordinary expression of dread—I might with still greater truth say fear—which informed his features and made them, to my unaccustomed eyes, almost unrecognizable.

He was sitting at his desk in reverie over some papers which he seemed not to have touched for hours, and when, at some movement I made, he started up and met my eye, I could swear that his cheeks were pale, the firm carriage of his body shaken, and the whole man a victim to some strong and secret apprehension he vainly sought to hide. When I ventured to tell him what I wanted, he made an

effort and pulled himself together, but I had seen him with his mask off, and his usually calm visage and self-possessed mien could not again deceive me.

My duties kept me mainly at Miss Grey's bedside, but I had been provided with a little room across the hall, and to this room I retired very soon after this for rest and a necessary understanding with myself.

For, in spite of this experience and my now settled convictions, my purpose required whetting. The inscrutable charm, the extreme refinement and nobility of manner observable in both Mr. Grey and his daughter were producing their effect. I felt guilty—constrained. Whatever my convictions, the impetus to act was leaving me. How could I recover it? By thinking of Anson Durand and his present disgraceful position.

Anson Durand! Oh, how the feeling surged up in my breast as that name slipped from my lips on crossing the threshold of my little room! Anson Durand, whom I believed innocent, whom I loved, but whom I was betraying with every moment of hesitation in which I allowed myself to linger!

What if the Hon. Mr. Grey is an eminent statesman, a disabled scholar, and to all appearance, blighted man? What if my patient is sweet, dove-eyed and affectionate? Had not Anson qualities as excellent in their way, rights as certain, and a hold upon myself superior to any claims which another might advance? Drawing a much crumpled little note from my pocket, I eagerly read it. It was the only one I had of his writing, the only letter he had ever written me. I had already read it a hundred times, but as I once more reported to myself its well-known lines, I felt my heart grow strong and fixed in the determination which had brought me into this family.

Restoring the letter to its place, I opened my grip-sack and from its inner recesses drew forth an object which I had no sooner in hand than a natural sense of disquietude led me to glance apprehensively, first at the door, then at the window, though I had locked the one and shaded the other. It seemed as if some other eye besides my own must be gazing at what I held so gingerly in hand; that the walls were watching me, if nothing else, and the suspicion this produced was so exactly like that of guilt for what I imagined to be guilty, that I was forced to repeat once more to myself that it was not a good man's overthrow I sought, or even a bad man's humanity from punishment, but the truth, the absolute truth. No name could equal that which I should feel fit by any overdoing now, I failed to save the name who trusted me.

The article which I hold—have you guessed it?—was the attestation with which Mrs. Fairbrother had been killed. It had been entrusted to me by the police for a definite purpose. The time for testing that purpose had come, or so nearly come, that I felt I must be thinking about the necessary ways and means.

Unwinding the folds of tissue paper in which the attestation was wrapped, I

with his daughter and I could cross the floor without fear. But never had I entered upon a task requiring more courage or one more obnoxious to my natural instincts. I hated each step I took, but I loved the man for whom I took those steps, and moved resolutely on. Only, as I reached the chair in which Mr. Grey was accustomed to sit, I found that it was easier to plan an action than to carry it out. Home life and the domestic virtues had always appealed to me more than a man's greatness. The position which this man held in his own country, his usefulness there, even his prestige as statesman and scholar, were facts, but very dreamy facts, to me, while his feelings as a father, the place he held in his daughter's heart—these were real to me, these I could understand, and it was of these and not of his place as a man, that this his favorite seat spoke to me. How often had I beheld him sit by the hour with his eyes on the floor behind which his one darling lay!

Even now it was easy for me to recall his face as I had sometimes caught a glimpse of it through the crack of the suddenly opened door, and I felt my breast heave and my hand flutter as I drew forth the attestation and moved to place it where his glance would fall upon it on his leaving his daughter's bedside.

But my hand returned quickly to my breast and fell back again empty. A pile of letters lay before me on the open lid of the desk. The top one was addressed to me with the word "Anson" faintly written in the corner. I did not know the writing, but I felt that I should open and read this letter before consulting my father or those who stood back of me in this desperate undertaking.

Glancing behind me and seeing that the door into Miss Grey's room was ajar, I caught up this letter and rushed with it back into my own room. As I surmised, it was from the Inspector, and as I read it I realized that I had received it not one moment too soon in language purposely noncommittal, but of a meaning not to be mistaken. It advised me that some unforeseen fact had come to light which altered all former suspicions and made the little surprise I had planned no longer necessary.

There was no allusion to Mr. Durand, but the final sentence ran:

"Drop all care and give your undivided attention to your patient."

CHAPTER XIII.

MY patient slept that night, but I did not. The shock given by this sudden cry of "Anson!" at the very moment I was about to make my great move, the uncertainty as to what it meant and my doubt of its effect upon Mr. Durand's position put me on the anxious seat and kept my thoughts fully occupied all morning.

I was very tired and must have shown it when, with the first rays of a very meager sun, Miss Grey softly unlocked her eyes and found me looking at her, for her smile had a sweet question in it, and she said as she pressed my hand:

"You must have watched me all night. I never saw any one look so tired or so good," she softly finished.

I had rather she had not uttered that last phrase. It did not fit me at the moment—it did not fit me perhaps at any time. Good—! when my thoughts had not been with her, but with Mr. Durand; when the dominating feeling in my breast was not that of relief, but a vague regret that I had not been allowed to make my great test and establish, to my own satisfaction at least, the perfect innocence of my lover or even at the cost of outward acquiescence in this confounding girl, upon whose word the spirit the very thought of crime would cast a deadly blight.

I must have dashed—certainly I know some embarrassment—for her eyes brightened with my laughter as she withdrew.

"You do not like to be praised—another of your virtues. You love too many. I have only one—I love my friends."

She smiled. One could see that love was life to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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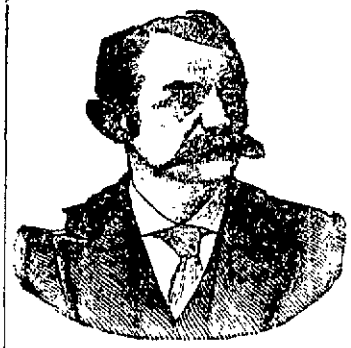
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